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HELOISE

OR

THE UNREVEALED SECRET,

A MELO-DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS.

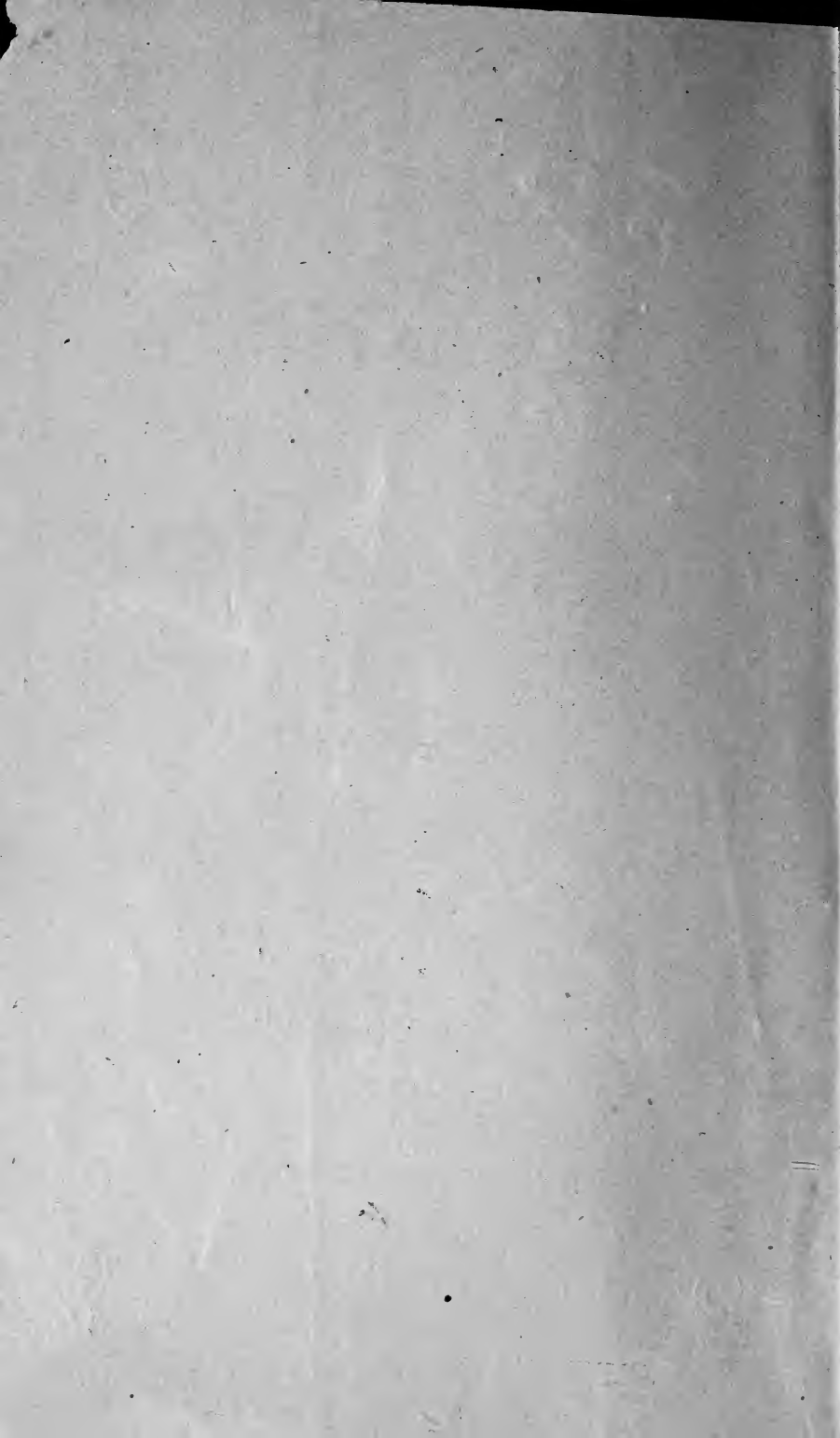
DRAMATIZED FROM A NOVEL OF THAT NAME BY

WILLIAM O. LESLIE,

PHILADELPHIA,

1882.

Published Oct 28" 1882



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OR,
THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

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FIVE ACTS.

ACT I.

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OR,

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CHARACTERS IN ACT I:

CHARACTERS.	—0—	DRESS.
HELOISE.—		Travelling Dress, with wrap.
ISABELLA.—		Evening Dress, with costume.
MADAME VON PALLWITZ.—		Black Silk, with cap.
LIZETTE.—		A servant, hair in braids.
FELIX.—		Count von Waldeck, full dress.
BARON VON BONHERST.—		Half dress.
BARON ALTMAN.—		Half dress.
SERVANT.—		(male,) in livery, with salver.

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[REDACTED]

ACT I.

SCENE I—Drawing room in the house of Madame von Pollwitz—C. D. Fancy 3rd groove boxed with door L. 3 E. window R. 3 E. Set fire place. R. 2 E. with practical fire, backed by hallway. Very handsome furniture. Sideboard in left corner of stage dressed very elaborate, with wine decanters, goblets, glasses, napkins, etc. Two small flower stands, one on each side of C. D. back of centre door a gas fixture. Handsome circular ottoman C. Table L. with chair each side, large arm chair in front of fire. (Madame Pollwitz discovered seated in arm-chair in front of fire-place R. reading book.)

Madame P.—Well, I have just finished reading this book. Sketches of the lives and characters of the reigning Princesses of Waldeck and it carries me back in thought to the time when I was in good standing at the Court of Arolson, where I would yet be except for that fatal marriage between Count Stedan and the Princess Antonia. That unfortunate affair caused the Princess, Countess Amelia Stedan and myself, to be expelled. It was unjust on the part of the reigning Prince to treat us so harshly, for we were entirely innocent of having anything to do with bringing about the marriage.

(Enter servant C.)

Servant.—Madame! *(Presents salver with card.)*

Madame P.—Countess Heloise von Waldeck! Bring the lady here. *(Exit servant C.) (Excited.)* Heloise! At last I shall see the child of my dear departed friend Amelia.

(Music P.P., until Heloise is well on stage.)

(Enter servant bowing in Heloise and Lisette C.D.L. Madame P. Runs to Heloise embraces her, and then examines her attentively.) It is not the face and form of her mother, my Amelia, but I am sure her heart is there.

Heloise.—*(Sadly)* Friend of the loved departed one—

Madame von P.—Do not give way to your emotion, my child, time will bring you consolation. It is the course of nature that mothers die before their children. (*Turning to the servant.*) Bring in the young lady's baggage, show the maid her room: Assist her as far as you can, and when you have finished go and let Count Von Waldeck know that his sister Countess Heloise has arrived.

Lisette.—Ah, Madame, begging your pardon, please let the young gentleman go to young master before we take up the things. My young lady has been half crazy with impatience all the way.

Madame von P.—(*To servant*) Attend to the lady's baggage (*to Lisette.*) You can go with the servant and see that everything is arranged properly. I will inform the Count of the Countess' arrival myself. (*Exit Lisette and servant C. D.*) (*Embraces Heloise.*) Ah, my dear child, how happy I am to see you, and I am sure your brother Felix will be perfectly delighted.

Heloise.—As he does not know we are coming to-day, it would be a mere accident if he is in, (*aside*) how ardently I hope he is.

Madame von P.—My daughter Isabella Von Bonhurst is with me, she has been married several years, as you probably know. She is going to a party in the neighborhood this evening, and came in to see me, for a few moments, on her way there. I will go and bring her here, and at the same time inform your brother of your arrival. (*Kisses Heloise and exits, set door L.*)

Heloise.—(*Soliequising*) Felix, my Felix! At length I shall see you again! After such a long painful separation—one whole year—we are again to meet; and what a disclosure I have to make to you. What a secret you must hear.—How will you receive it? Will it startle you? Will you rejoice at it? No! You will not rejoice, *you cannot*, for however much you love me, and in whatever relationship I shall stand to you in future, I fear in my inmost heart you never can be to me more than you have hitherto seemed. My friend, my brother! By whatever name I may *wish* to call you, that of brother will always be to me the dearest, for was not that the first by which I learned to love you? I cannot tell you the secret now, for you might *misconstrue my motives*.

(Enter Madame von P. and Isabella D. L., Heloise C. Isabella L. Madame von P. R. Isabella greeting Heloise and Kissing her.)

Isabella.—*(Approaching Heloise, kisses her)* Have I not the right to grow proud of my prophetic powers? This morning my little finger foretold me that you would come to day, in spite of the assurance to the contrary of your brother Felix whom sympathy ought to have taught better, But these men are too grossly organized for such delicate things.

Heloise.—My brother I presume does not expect me to-day.

Isabella.—He had the idea fixed in his head this morning that you would not come until to-morrow. Do send for him Mamma, he cannot have gone yet. He is probably just in the midst of his toilet. Your arrival, Countess, gives him an excellent pretext to absent himself from a party from which he could not, reasonably at least, expect anything but a stupid evening and a sleepless night.

Madame von Pollwitz.—Is your husband to be there, Isabella?

Isabella.—*(with indifference.)* I cannot say. I have not seen him since yesterday noon. You know very well that is nothing new. He did not come home last night till two hours past midnight. I was asleep, and this morning when I arose he was not yet awake. Nothing whatever can keep me from my morning walk with the children and when I returned he had gone to his office. He dines I understand to-day at the Russian Ambassador's, or at President Retzers, or—I am sure I don't know where, and dear mother, with all respect to you, I care but little.

(Enter Felix. C. D. L.—Lively music until Felix is well on the stage. Heloise utters a loud scream, Felix clasps her in his arms.)

Felix.—My own dear girl, you have come at last! Have I got you again, my darling little sister. *(Kisses her.)* You are well I hope. And do you love me as much as ever?

Felix.—*(Bowing.)* Pardon me, ladies.

Isabella.—With all my heart. I assure you that none of

your civilities ever pleased me so much as this *incivility*: Come Mamma, I have something to tell you, at any rate, we are quite superfluous here.

(*Exit Madame and Isabella. D. L.*)

Heloise.—Felix, the moment of our meeting is truly not one of joy alone.

Felix.—Ah, Heloise, do not think me unfeeling, if I rejoice more in present happiness than grieve in past misfortune.

Heloise.—Past misfortune, my dear brother! the death of a mother, a beloved one, is never a *past* misfortune unless, only a moment of separation can be called so. The continued longing for those we have lost—missing them everywhere—these are *present sufferings*, and such as last during the whole life.

Felix.—You are right, sister, it is a great misfortune that we have lost our dear good mother, our best friend, our wisest counsellor. I have shed many tears for her, and I shall never think of her without the deepest emotion. But—let me be frank as always—I cannot help it if I think of her less than I did six months ago. I cannot help it if I am happy once more. Dear Heloise; happier than ever—indescribably happy! I am sure our sainted mother will forgive me. And now too you are with me again, you dear faithful little sister.

(*Enter Isabella, D. R.*)

Isabella.—It is time for me to go, and I must get my shawl and gloves. I left them on the table.

Felix.—(*Startling, looking at his watch.*) So late already?

Isabella.—Of course *you* are absolved from party obligations for this evening, my dear Waldeck, I will take your excuse to the Chamberlain.

Felix.—You are very kind, (*embarrassed.*) But it would not do very well for me to stay away *entirely*.

Isabella.—What an idea? You are not going to leave your sister alone, the very evening of her arrival, I hope?

Felix—My sister wants rest. She is tired, I shall not go before 10 o'clock when it will be time for her to retire.

Isabella—How considerate. Your sister tired? (*goes to Heloise, looks in her face,*) look at her. Is there fatigue in those eyes? (Laughing) Waldeck, please give a little more plausible reason.

Felix—My connections.—

Isabella—Your “connections.”—That sounds suspicious. I should like to know what secret “connections” you have with our courtiers, Sir Secretary of the Legation.

Felix—I have refused several invitations from that family; if I should be missed to-night.

Isabella—Missed! (Laughing)—Waldeck are you provincial or vain? At such assemblies where crowds intermingle, individuals are not missed. Therefore be unconcerned, my dear sir, I will excuse you, (*in a mirthful manner.*) *If any one asks for you.*

Felix—My dear Baroness, I very much dislike putting you to any trouble, I shall make my appearance in person at 10 o'clock.

Isabella—Very well, if you will deem yourself indispensable. (*To Heloise.*) As for you, my dear Countess, I wish you a better night than I will have. When your love for a brother leaves you time to notice any one beside him, I shall endeavor to obtain your friendship, which in my opinion is an invaluable treasure, and I feel that I have the means of winning it. (*kisses Heloise.*) (*To Felix*)—*Au revoir Monsieur, (Aith a graceful courtesy.)*

(*Exit C. D. R.*)

Heloise—A very charming woman.

Felix—Very sensible and clever, if she only would not make good her superiority by that disagreeable tutoring tone which she so often assumes, especially towards young men.

Heloise—But dear Felix, is it so absolutely necessary that you should go the party to-night?

Felix.—If you wish me to stay with you longer Heloise, I will do so with all my heart.

Heloise.—No, no, Felix, go of course if it gives you pleasure.

Felix.—There is no idea of pleasure in the case. It will be a very tiresome affair, I only thought it would probably be better for you to retire early.

Heloise.—Yes, dear Felix, do go, I will see you again to-morrow, besides—

Felix.—And every day dear, but if you want me to stay—

Heloise.—No indeed, do go, but first tell me, does the young baroness Isabella live happily with her husband?

Felix.—He has the name of being a drunkard, and is in all respects an intolerable fellow; shallow, cold, indifferent and so, they say, faithless to his wife.

(Enter Madame von P. D. L. sits on chair R. of table L.)

Madame von P.—My dear young friends your presence here to-night reminds me of old times when Felix's mother, then Countess Amelie Stedan, was at Court, in attendance on the young Princess Antonia. I could tell you so many anecdotes that would interest you, but they would relate only to the time previous to my marriage, for shortly after that event I removed from the Capitol came to my present residence, and did not return often. Several years later I visited the Court and was delighted with the ripened beauty of the Princess Antonia. Just at that time the young Countess Stedan was married to Count Von Waldock, who was considerably her senior, but a very excellent and rich man. At this wedding Count Stedan, the brother of the bride, a proud stately officer, who had taken an active part in the late war and distinguished himself highly in the field, made his appearance at court, was appointed Chamberlain, and shortly thereafter secretly married the Princess Antonia. I have since heard much about a Russian Central Stedan who signalized himself in the wars with the Turks and Circassians. Probably he is your uncle. If so, I suppose that while he has received new wounds, the old ones of his heart have been healed.

Felix.—He is indeed our uncle, about whom the papers have had so much to say. Our mother mentioned him but seldom, but when she did, it was with the warmest affection. I remember him very well. He was an ardent, noble looking man, and when I call to mind his energetic, warlike appearance I can hardly understand what induced him to accept the post of Chamberlain. There was something strange in the whole affair. When I saw him, he showed very plainly that, although a native, he thought everything at the Court of his Prince too limited. I knew but little more about it. Mother always maintained a strict silence, but not however, I should think towards Heloise, for I notice she is sitting there with a crimson face and her eyes on the ground.

Madame von P.—We will not trouble her with inquiries.

(Exit Madame von S. D. C.)

Felix.—*(Looking at his watch.)* Bless me, it is almost 10 o'clock.

Heloise.—Is it not time for you to go, brother?

Felix.—Are you tired, Heloise?

Heloise.—No—and still—yes, I am tired. I shall soon ask Madame to excuse me. But brother you will be too late if you stay longer.

Felix.—Oh, I am in no hurry. I shall be there in time.—*(Heloise.)* But I may as well go now.—Good night, my darling one. *(Kisses her hand.)*

Heloise.—Good night, dear brother *(Exit Felix C. D.)*. He ought not to have gone, but am I not unjust in blaming him? Here in this city—at Court, it is not as with us in the country where every one can follow the dictates of one's own heart. How cordial, how affectionate he was towards me—just the same as ever. Should I not rejoice that he is happy, and am I not happy with him? I am fatigued with the journey, and will ask Madame Vol Howwitz to allow me to retire. Tomorrow in a quiet hour I will tell him about Waldeck, repeat what I have already written him, then, perhaps, he will ask the question I have so long expected—whether his mother left documents for him. I'll give him the paper—and—he will know all. Then—then—we will see what will follow. With

these pleasant thoughts and a heart full of hope, I will sleep soundly and sweetly.

(*Exit L. I. E.*) (*Laugh outside C. Enter C. D. L., Von Bonhurst and Baron Altmon, they sit at table L., which contains bottle of wine and glasses.*

Von B.—Now, my good friend, you promised to tell me something of the history of my wife's family, and, as you have been about the Court for a quarter of a century, acting as both receiving and paying teller of all gossip, honor my check for an amount sufficient to inform me. Who is this Count Felix von Waldeck and the charming young lady, the Countess Heloise, who have been lately made so welcome in our family circle? Take a glass of wine, Baron, to brighten up your ideas and stimulate your memory.

Baron A.—Well, as I made you the promise, I will not break it. (*Taking a glass of wine.*) In one of the most beautiful regions of Germany, there lived, some time ago, a widow called Amelia von Waldeck, she spent her entire time in the education of a lovely child, a boy. She lived in retirement with her son, this Felix, because she had been banished from the Court. The old, then reigning Prince, had an only daughter, the Princess Antonia, whose rejection of every suitor offering himself had long been a source of vexation to her father. Finally the old Prince discovered, through some source to me unknown, that the Princess had about four years before been secretly married to her chamberlain, Count Stedan, and that the Count's sister, Countess Amelia Stedan, afterwards the widow Amelia von Waldeck, Felix's mother, had been the confident of the whole affair. Count Stedan escaped the displeasure of his sovereign by leaving the country, he went to Russia, entered the army there to seek death. But, behold, he found honor and fame, was promoted to and now occupies a high position in the Russian army.

Von B.—(*Offering glass of wine.*) Take another glass, to brighten up your ideas and stimulate your memory.

Baron A.—(*Drinks wine.*) The Princess Antonia met her father's fury with respectful firmness, often said that she had never been a mother, and the old Prince, in his wrath, declared the marriage void, and allowed her to lament the absence of her late husband at a country seat in the

vicinity of the Capitol. She showed her father letters which contained indubitable proof that her friends had not approved of her marriage with the Count Stedan, but had done all in their power to prevent it, and that the marriage had actually taken place without their knowledge. It was all in vain, however, the old Prince was immovable, and the widow von Waldeck and Madame von Pollwitz retired to their own estate, the former to the one which her husband had left to his little son Felix, whose guardian she was, and she and Madame von Pollwitz were forbidden to appear at court, again.

Von Bon.—Ha, ha, and this is the origin of Sir Eelix the accredited and especial friend of Madame von Pollwitz. Now let me hear something of the beautiful young Countess Heloise, who receives such a super-abundance of attention and flattery. But first take another glass of wine to brighten up your ideas and stimulate your memory. (*Both drink.*)

Baron A.—Notwithstanding, the widow, Amelia von Waldeck bestowed her time and attention on the education of her son Felix. She found time to visit many of her old friends with whom she had associated before she was banished from court, and, it was said, kept up secret correspondence with them all.

On her return from one of these visits she brought with her and presented to her son Felix a little girl, telling him that she was his sister. She said to some of her neighbors that the two children would never learn different until they arrived at the years of maturity. The child was named Heloise, but who were her parents always remained a mystery, to the outside world.

Von B.—Bravo, bravo. The mystery which has so long surrounded these two is now cleared up, and you have my thanks. Although I have made many efforts to learn their origin I was never successful. Madame von Pollwitz, you know, cannot be approached on family matters, and my wife, the Baroness Isabella, is—is—well, she is a *woman*, and they never have much to say. For my own part, I am not what might be termed a general favorite in the family. I sometimes think they might get along without me, and doubtless they are of the same opinion. (*Both rise and come to centre.*)

Well, I have little fortune with which to splurge, less beauty, no exalted pretensions, and very few expectations—

all of weich is propitious to the appetite, conducive to sleep, productive of good humor, and I'll say, with old William Snakespeare, "Let the wide world wag as it will, I'll be gay and happy still." (*Offers arm to Baron.*)

Both Exit C. L. singing.) I will be gay, etc.

(*Enter Heloise followed by Lisette L. I. E.*)

Heloise.—Bless me it must be long after midnight, Madame von Pollwitz has been entertaining me so well by relating incidents of her early life, when she was at court, that I have almost forgotten my fatigue. Now Lisette, you may retire, I shall not need you any more to-night.

Lisette.—(*Starts to exit D. L. when knock outside C. stops her, she goes and opens C. D. when Felix enters C. L.*)

Heloise.—My dear Felix, back so soon. (*Kissing him.*) But dearest brother, how you look. What has happened? You appear pale and disturbed.

Felix.—Nothing at all; I only came home, I wanted to speak to you.

Heloise.—Have you so soon returned from the party?

Felix.—Yes, I wished to see you before you would retire, and besides, I had a good many things on my mind which would not let me sleep if I had tried.

Heloise.—(*In an affectionate manner.*) Why what is it that troubles you, brother?

Felix.—*Leave us, Lisette. (Exit Lisette L. 3 E.)* Now, my dear sister, don't be frightened. It is not natural that after so long a separation we should have much to say to each other that it is not necessary for servants to hear.

Heloise.—You are right, (*In a serious manner.*) Sit down here by me (*pointing to a sofa*), we have indeed much to tell each other. (*Aside*) the moment has now come; he must learn that I am—no I will not say it yet, unless he asks for documents. (*They sit down in silence for a few moments.*) Felix, do our thoughts meet at this moment?

Felix.—Hardly.

Heloise.—Have you no questions to ask me about the the past?

Felix.—Questions enough, but my heart is now so full that I must unburden it before I admit anything more into it. Heloise, I have something to confide to you.

Heloise.—Something to confide—you too?

Felix.—I too? Heloise has perhaps a similar secret on her mind.

Heloise.—A similar one? How can I know of what nature yours is. It is true I have a great deal to tell you, how can it be otherwise, since the most important events of my life occurred since I last saw you.

Felix.—Heloise, do not doubt that it is of equal importance to me; but our beloved mother will forgive if, before I call upon you to relate the sad story of her death, I relieve my heart of a secret which has weighed me down for several weeks past. I have not yet communicated it to you, my own Heloise, to you, who have the first right to my confidence.

Heloise.—(*Aside*) Is it possible, can he know my secret already?

Felix.—Dearest Heloise (*putting his arms around her*), it seemed as if I hurt your feelings by the words "I am happier than ever, I cannot help it." I will add I am often more unhappy than I ever expected to be. You cannot misunderstand me when you have heard my confession—I am—in love. (*Heloise tears herself away in violence from the arms of Felix.*) I love with all the passion and fervor of which my heart is capable; the most charming, fascinating creature under the sun, and what is more I am so fortunate as to know that my love is returned with equal tenderness. The unspeakable bliss of this assurance causes me to overlook all the obstacles which stand in the way of our union.

Heloise.—(*With emotion and trembling voice.*) Tell me all.

Felix.—I must remove all obstacles; to do that is my

firm resolution, for there is no happiness for me but in the possession of my sweet charming Emma.

Heloise.—Emma! Is that her name?

Felix.—Emma von Willingen. Oh, my dear Heloise, what a lovely enchanting creature; you and she will—you must be friends. She has long known of you and loved you, for you have often been the subject of our conversation. She wanted to know everything about you, even the color of your eyes. The most irresistible, most transporting little creature under the sun.

Heloise—Have you known her long?

Helix.—It is just eight weeks to-day since I saw her for the first time. She came out of a church before which I was standing with several friends and acquaintances. A crowd of poor people of every description surrounded the church door. She stopped, compassionately, spoke a kind word to each one, divided the contents of her purse among them, and at last, when she had nothing left, she gave the delicate little purse itself to an old man who had just come up. I heard her say with her silvery voice, "Sell it, good father, I worked it myself." But hardly had a pair of swift horses, which were waiting the divine girl, conveyed her away, before I sprang forward and gave the old man a large sum for the purse. I took it away with me intending to use it for charitable purposes; but when I met Emma again, and she grew dearer and dearer to me, I feared that use would wear out the little love-token, and I have since worn it next my heart.

Heloise—When and where did you see her again?

Feix.—As the brilliant belle of a ball, where homage was paid to her, and where her charms outshone all others. I had only to see her dance—the little zephyr-like sylph—to be completely enchanted. On this occasion, too, I found reason to hope that I was not indifferent to her, and soon after acquired the blissful certainty that she loved me.

Heloise.—So soon?

Felix.—Dear sister, love cares not for watch and almanac. It makes its own laws for time and hours. The look

directed by Cupid and understood by his disciple, reveals more than a whole eternity could otherwise teach. Emma, affectionate as she is, has often done her best to keep up this certainty within me, but she is so much the object of admiration and worship by others, that my heart is continually tortured by the sharp pangs of jealousy. I was on her account that I had to go to the party, for no other reason would I have left you so soon after our meeting. She alone could supplant you.

Heloise.—Did she know that you would be there?

Felix.—She knew I was going there and she let me know her intentions of so doing. I might have given up the pleasure of seeing her on your account, but to brave her anger, you see (*smiling*), your proud tyrannical Felix, who so often abused your patience, you little gentle dove, is transformed into a poor humbled slave. Her smile makes me the happiest of men; her displeasure the most wretched.

Heloise.—Do you see her often?

Felix.—Yesterday she had expected me three hours before I came, when she had not a single smile for me. She beamed with beauty and loveliness, but it seem to be only for a circle of fops and impudent coxcombs who surrounded her, but at last, reaching her side, I reproached her, she gave me the bitterest words in return; but, knowing I was in fault, I begged her pardon, and she has the sweetest and most graceful way of forgiving.

But, Heloise, you said you had a secret?

Heloise.—Ah, well, it is no matter now, my secret is not so very important, but we can find a more suitable time to speak of it. I do assure you (*with bitterness*) it is not a love-story.

Felix.—Emma lives with her grand-father, to whom every visit is a bore except when two super-annuated comrades of his come to take a game of whist. I can only see her at parties, theatres or concerts. Alone, I can only see her when I escort her home from these places, and then, be assured we take many a circuitous route.

Heloise.—(*With astonishment*) Does she attend parties and places of amusement *alone*?

Felix.—She goes under the protection of friends sometimes of one, sometimes of another, but she is not very intimate with any of them. She has been so exceedingly kind as to propose to me, that we might meet in one of the public gardens at a time when it was not much frequented, but trembling for her reputation, I had the forbearance to refuse. But, dear little sister, you will see her and you and she will be friends. It is for this I longed for your arrival.

Heloise.—(*With indignation.*) Why should I be the friend of one to whom I am an utter stranger? Felix, why do you not act in this affair as an honorable man should act? Of what use is all this secret? What prevents you from going directly to Emma's grand parents and asking them for her hand, as you are so desparately in love? Is it likely they would give you a refusal?

Felix.—Ah, that is just what I fear, for Emma has been engaged since her fourteenth year, betrothed to her cousin, sixteen years her senior. She knows him only from her childhood recollection, for he has spent eleven years in travelling. This betrothal is intended as a family compromise, to settle a law-suit. This lovely creature is to be sacrificed to secure the peace and comfort of her grand parents.

Heloise.—If such is the true state of things no real love can be expected on either side, and perhaps the cousin, if he was informed of Emma's sentiments, could be induced to surrender his claims.

Felix.—That is my chief ground of hope. There is a sort of a condition in the contract, about not leaving Emma's feelings wholly unconsulted. But nothing can be done before the cousin's return, and for the present I suppose I must be satisfied with seeing Emma in secret. (*Starting.*) But tell me first will you call on Emma?

Heloise.—(*Confusedly.*) Well—perhaps—not to-day—may be (*hesitatingly*)—some day.

Felix.—Until dinner—good by. (*He attempts to embrace and kiss her cheek, but she prevents it, and accompanying him to the door bids him adieu.*)

(Exit Felix, C. D.)

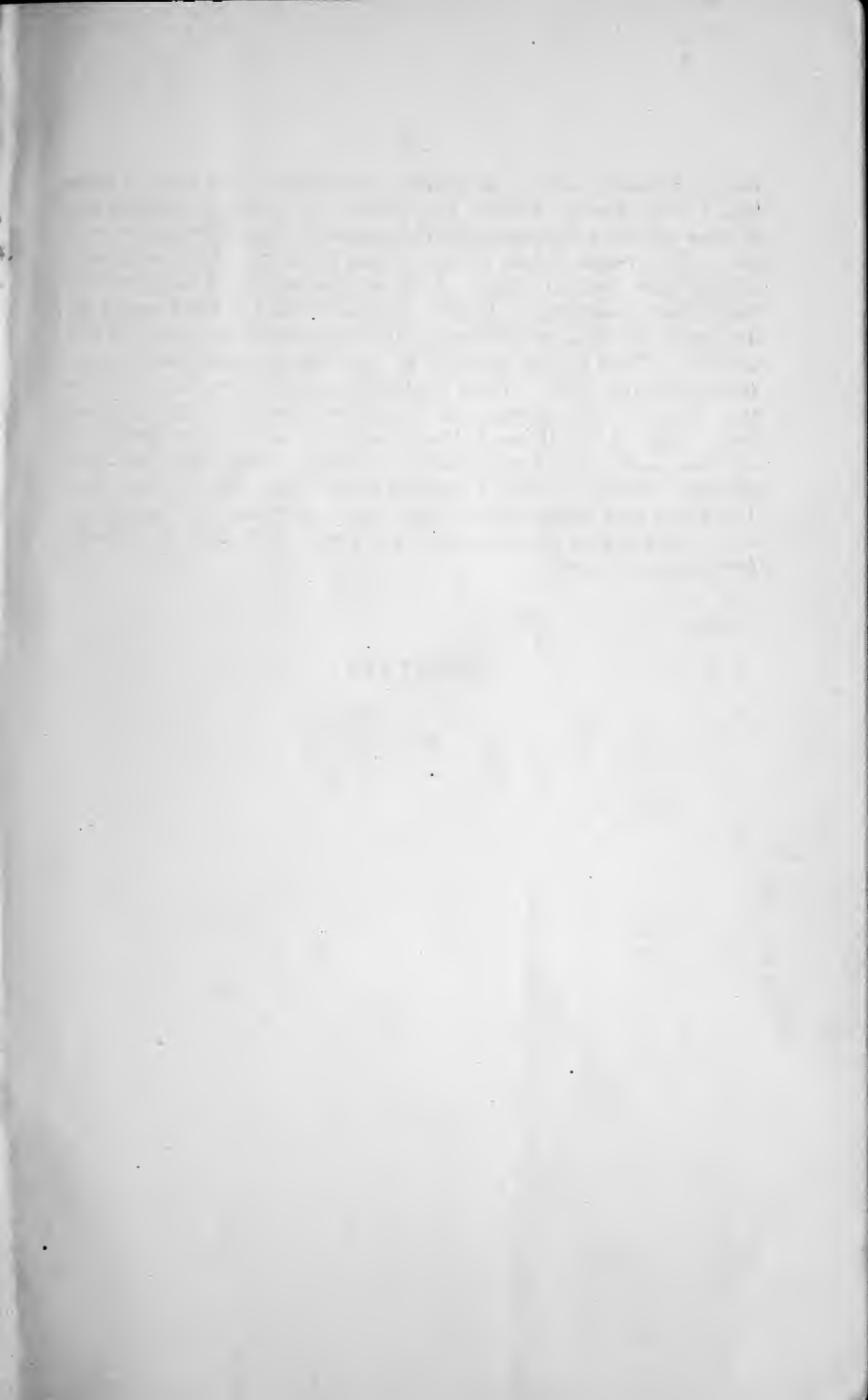
Tremolo music. P. P. varying with music until curtain.

Heloise.—(*Sinking upon the sofa, burying her face in the cushions; for a short time giving away to a flood of tears—rises greatly agitated.*)

Oh, My mother—my mother, why did you leave me here? Why did you not take me with you to your beautiful spirit home—What is now to become of me—I am alone—No friend. None to love me in the wide, wide world. Is the balance of my life to be but a troubled dream? Injured affection—wounded pride. The consciousness of loneliness. How these painful feelings, in rapid succession, chase each other through my mind, and what a miserable being they make me. But poor Felix! into what worthless hands has your heart fallen. This girl, Emma, distributes a few alms in the presence of a crowd of young men whose eyes are fixed upon her, and (*contemptuously*) what affectation about that *purse*. Why could she not have told the old man to go to her house, the proper place to give him assistance. How ridiculous to tell him that she had made it herself. Any one must be entirely blind who could not perceive that the little by-play was gotten up as a bait for Felix. What modest girl would give her lover reason to hope at a second meeting, and carry a love intrigue to such an extent without the knowledge of her parents. In the street—home late at night—and, worst of all a betrothed bride. What sort of love is that? Good heavens! what unworthy sensations fill my heart and mind! What is it? JEALOUSY? How mean, miserable, humiliating does that fiend make us. We often doubt the sincerity of our best friends. We become experts in discovering the faults of others, leaving our own undisturbed. Everything artificial in our own behavior makes us suspicious of the artlessness of others. Hypocrites never believe in truthfulness, nor coquettes in that womanly pride which scorns to solicit the approbation of the other sex. It is only the envious who show jealousy, can all these be applied to me? Yes. Oh, yes, I will not conceal the name. I have given myself up entirely to the shame of permitting that fiend to debase me. Yes, Emma, I HATE you—because Felix LOVES you. (*Sinks on the sofa and weeps arising hesitates, smiling.*) But how unkind I have been. In what an unwomanly light I have viewed Emma's transaction in giving alms to the poor. Why, in itself it is a virtue. She loves

him and should she be so prudish and false as to hide it from him? Oh, Emma, Felix—my mother in heaven, forgive me. It was but for a moment that the demon jealously overpowered me. Now (*with force*) all the proud instincts of my womanly nature have been aroused. I do not forget that I am of noble birth and parentage. Honor demands that I shall never do one mean act that would bring discredit upon my name or ancestors. This is but a world of sorrow, at best, can we expect anything else? Then let the waves of trouble roll over me. Let the waves dash on the shoreline of my existence as they may—I shall heed them not, but in strong integrity of soul, and firm determination, calmly stand and see the stormy billows of folly breaking at my feet. Yes—yes—yes. Let Felix and Emma meet, love each other and be happy. I will look on with pleasure, and not a tear shall flow or a frown rest upon my brow.

CURTAIN.



REPLIQUE

TO THE HONORABLE

MEMBER

HELOISE,
OR,
THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

—IN—

FIVE ACTS.



ACT II.



PHILADELPHIA.

1882.

HELOISE;
OR,
THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

CHARACTERS IN ACT II:

NAMES :

HELOISE.—

ISABELLA.—

EMMA.—

BARONESS ROSEN.—

FELIX —

ANGERN.—

BARON VON BONHERST.—

PROF. BUDWIG.—

COL. VON WILLINGEN.—

SERVANT.—

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by .

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—Grand Ball room—Handsome three-arched palace, in third grove—Boxed with large arched Flats R. and L., scene backed by conservatory, handsome lighted chandelier swinging from the ceiling centre—Piano in E. corner up stage sofa R. and L. down stage chairs arranged around stage against flats—swinging bird cages and flower baskets hanging from ceiling, flower stands, statuettes, etc., at different places on stage—in fact anything that will lend to make the scene handsome. Music at the rise of curtain—Colonel Willingen, Baron Angern, Isabella, Heloise, Madame von Pollwitz, are seen dancing at rise and continue for six bars after curtain is up, during dance Felix enters from C., discovers Emma and Angern dancing, goes to piano, looks at music and throws some of it down violently on piano, as music ceases, Isabella goes to Heloise, who at the conclusion of dance sits on sofa.

Isabella.—Heloise, speak to your brother, his behavior is too conspicuous. (*Felix comes down stage L. C.*)

Heloise.—(*Crosses C. to Felix.*) Good evening, Felix.

Felix.—(*Startled.*) So you have come at last, I did not see you before, it is terribly hot in here. (*Wiping his face with his handkerchief.*)

Heloise.—(*Aside*) Then he has at least missed me. (*Turning to Felix.*) What is the matter, Felix?

Felix.—I entreat you, Heloise, do not drive me to distraction! All is over! You are right—you are all right. Leave me alone now.

Heloise.—Who is right?

(*Felix without speaking rushes to the other side of the saloon. Emma, on Angern's arm, was seen advancing to the piano after being seated. Felix in background.*)

Isabella.—(*Advancing to Heloise.*) With what do you think she will favor us?

Heloise.—Probably with one of her Italian airs which she is said to sing so well.

Isabella.—You are very much mistaken, she is wise enough to know that Angern has heard such music performed better than she can possibly play, and he is of course the one towards whom all her artillery is directed to-night. (*Heloise and Isabella sit on sofa left.*)

Emma commences singing the little song:

“The soldiers are passing with music so loud;
Of their swords and their feathers they're mightily
proud.

The girls in a hurry run out in the street;
The one gives a nod and the other looks sweet.

Run after your lovers so far as you will,
I'll stay in my chamber, so cozy and still.
What care I how much you all run, gape and stare;
My true love is at work in the shop over there.

By land and by water, north, south, east and west,
My own darling boy is the one I love best.
What if I am busy from morning till night?
The thought of my true love's my only delight.

And though now and then with another I stroll;
Yet his image sparkles and shines in my soul.
And if to another I *do* sometimes smile,
My boy, he is safe in my heart all the while.”

(*Applause by the company.*)

(*Enter Servant from C. with tray and serves guests with ices, etc. Business.*)

Heloise.—(*To Isabella.*) Poor Felix, his countenance is the mirror of his varying emotions—a struggle between sorrow and rage. The charming little song I often sang to him in days gone by—he set it to music some time ago and gave it to Emma.

Felix.—(*Approaching Heloise with a forced smile.*) The enchantres! my heart is like wax in her hands.

Emma.—(*Approaching Felix.—In a low tone.*) On your knees you shall beg my pardon to-morrow. (*Goes to other side of stage.*)

Dr. von Ludwig and Baron Werneburg enters C., after saluting the host sit on sofa R.)

(*Exit Baroness von Pollwitz C. D. L.*)

Isabella.—(*To Heloise*) Now, my dear friend, there is my husband, and I am afraid he has been drinking too much wine. If this was some other place I would not care. The doctor, you know, is of a good family, but a little eccentric—he is a friend of Baron Angern's, and has been invited here by Col. Willingen as a mark of respect to the Baron.

Col. W.—By the way, Baron Angern, I believe you have recently visited the United States of America. I suppose have returned to your native land with very extensive ideas of reform, and find here many abuses that you would like to see corrected.

(*Angern comes down the centre, brings chair and sits, Emma to his back, Felix by Heloise.*)

Angern—Yes, my dear Colonel, I have, and found there many things and ideas that I could not sanction, that will take many years yet to overcome and set them right. Still I cannot but admire the GREAT REPUBLIC and the cardinal principles upon which it rests. The human mind can conceive of no higher order of government than that which

secures to the people the right to make and administer their own laws. There is something so grand and sublime in the bold declaration made by those self-sacrificing patriots, when they proclaimed to the world the "self-evident truths," that all men are created equal and have certain unalienable rights, life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness." With the sword they caused these principles to be recognized. After their struggle for independence declared that, "WE, THE PEOPLE, ordain and establish a constitution to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity." Then, a few insignificant colonies, through the necessity of self-protection and the formation of a more perfect union, clasped hands—wheeled into line, and joined in the grand march of nations.

Col W.—Do you really think, Baron, that these are self-evident truths? Are you convinced that these American institutions can long survive, unless the use of the elective franchise is confided to intelligent men—educated and in possession of those qualifications necessary to enable them to act with judgment and sound discretion?

Angern.—The result of my observations among the American people is, that to sustain a republican government does not require such an extraordinary amount of intelligence. It is patriotism and fidelity to principle. In discharge of the executive functions every officer feels that he is enforcing the public will as well as his own. He realizes that the great moral force of the community demands obedience to the laws, and that the private interests of all are implicated. These ideas permeating the whole and being put in practice certainly lead to perfect equality in the administration of law. The motives which largely predominate in the conduct of men is self-interest, and this, we may say after all, is the silent sovereign that sways the state.

Col. W.—Baron, I can hardly agree with you. Does not experience show that a monarchy surrounded by an aristocracy provides a better security for the masses, than the self-

interests of which you speak? Power concentrated in a few hands and wielded by intelligence, is more reliable and very much more effective than when freely exercised by the multitude. What discipline or reliable force is there in an unorganized mob? That you may say is power exercised by the people, but it is only temporary. When the excitement is over, the power vanishes and anarchy is the result.

Angern.—That may be, Colonel, superficially true, but we must look at the cause that actuate the mob to deeds of violence. It is a consciousness that their rights in some way have been imposed upon, and by physical force they attempt to recover and restore them. The American people have no mobs for political reasons—there is no cause for them, they acknowledge no superiority in persons. The administrators of the law are but their servants. The time, Colonel, has ceased to exist when this form of government can rightfully be considered an experiment. The United States of America, after severe tests, have existed as a nation, and now I think, with great justice, proclaims to the world the superiority of a Republic over all other forms of government. The history of the world teaches the great fact that the mental, moral and social facilities of a people have been developed just in proportion to their facilities for self government. And, notwithstanding the free exercise of private judgment and the great variety of thought, the fanatical dream of socialism, or the poisonous weed of communism, find no congenial soil there in which to take root.

Isabella.—Baron, do the ladies of America exercise the elective franchises?

Angern.—No, madame. The ladies of America love liberty, but are entirely willing to leave the preservation of the institutions of their country in the hands of their fathers, brothers and husbands.

From a kind of instinct, belonging only to women, the better class, crystalize into what may be called the "Nobility

of Republicanism." This high order is the outgrowth of Virtue, Liberty and Independence—the result of moral and intellectual development. While they do not directly participate in politics they exercise and maintain a conservative influence over all parties that insures the perpetuity of the government. After all, madame, notwithstanding the boasted superiority of intellect in the men, "the little hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

(*Music—Hail Columbia—once over.*)

(*Madame Von Pollwitz Enters.*)

(*Excited.*) Isabella, your husband has fallen and hurt his head. The servant is bringing him this way.

(*Enter Von Bonhurst and servant C. D. Servant leads Von Bonhurst down stage and sits him in chair C. Gents gather around him. Doctor Lodwig on his L. C. I.*)

-**Von Bonhurst.**—Oh, Oh. (*Rubbing his head.*)

Dr. Ludwig.—(*Feeling Von B.'s head.*) It is a contusion of the cerebrum. But as there appears but little laceration and no fracture, simple or compound, the pia mater cannot be injured; nor even is there more than a slight impression of the dura mater; so that trepanning does not appear necessary—a most fortunate circumstance; for a wound in the head is of all places the most dangerous; because there can be no amputation to save life. There being but one head to a man, and that, the residence of the five senses, if any he has, it is impossible to live without it. Nevertheless the present case is highly dangerous, as it might lead to a subluxation of the jaw. It is necessary to apply cataplasms in order to reduce inflammation and bring about a sanative disposition of the parts. Perhaps it might not be amiss to take an anodyne or a refrigerant. Many patients have been lost by the ignorance of physicians prescribing tonics in such cases; whereas, in the first stage of a contusion,

relaxing and antifebrile medicines are proper. A little phlebotomy is no doubt necessary to prevent the rupture of the smaller blood vessels.

Von Bon.—Doctor, do these awful hard words apply to me? I begin to feel somewhat alarmed. Nevertheless I do not think I can be absolutely dangerous. For it seems to me that I am not sick at heart or under any mortal pain.

Doctor.—I observe that in this case, sir, you cannot be a judge. For the very part is affected *by which to judge*, viz., the head. It is no uncommon thing for men in the extremest cases to imagine themselves well, whereas in reality they may be in the greatest possible danger. Notwithstanding the symptoms are mild, from the coition, mortification may ensue. Hypocrates, who might be styled an elementary physician, has a treatise on this very subject, and is of opinion that the most dangerous symptom is a topical incensibility, but among the moderns, Sydenham considers it in another point of view, and thinks that where there is no pain there is great reason to suppose there is no hurt. Antiseptic medicines may be very proper.

Von Bonhurst.—It is part of your profession to make the case worse than it is. Please let me know your real judgment.

Dr. Ludwig.—(*Looking steadfastly and feeling his pulse.*) There is an evident delirium approaching. This argues an affection of the brain, and it will be necessary to give some soporiferous draughts to put the patient to sleep.

Von B.—If you will give me a bottle of wine and water I will go to sleep myself.

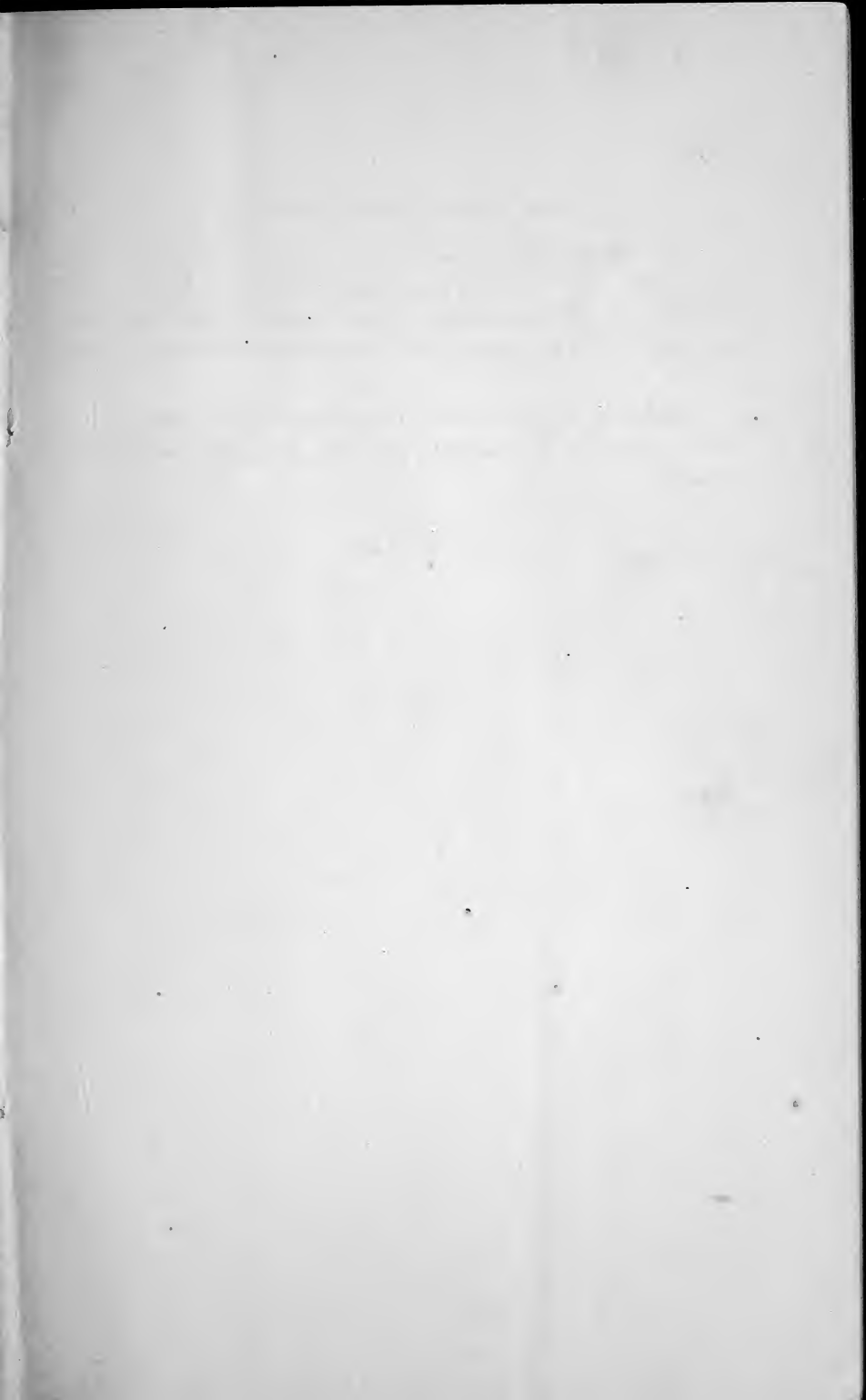
Dr. Ludwig.—A deleterious mixture in this case. The wine would be better without the water. Let the patient be put to bed, and in the morning there may appear a healthy *pus*. There is probably but little in the hurt *or the head*.

(Exit servant leading Baron C.)

Col. Willigen.—Ladies and gentlemen, the baron does not appear to be very seriously injured and will be now well taken care of. Before going to the banquet hall, where a repast now awaits us, some of our friends will entertain us with a dance.

(Company form a quadrille and dance until curtain.)
(Music starts up a quadrille, Lancers or a grand ballet introduced.)

CURTIAN.



HELLOISE

THE HARBORLAND SECRET

THE HARBORLAND SECRET

THE HARBORLAND SECRET

THE HARBORLAND SECRET

THE HARBORLAND SECRET

HELOISE,
OR,
THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

—IN—

FIVE ACTS.



ACT III.



PHILADELPHIA.

1882.

HELOISE;
OR,
THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

CHARACTERS IN ACT III:

NAMES :

HELOISE.—

EMMA.—

ISABELLA.—

BARONESS ROSEN.—

FELIX —

ANGERN.—●

COL. VON WILLINGEN.—

SERVANT.—

ACT III.

*Same scene as First Act in house of Colonel von Willingen—
Colonel seated at table reading paper, laying paper down and
taking off spectacles.*

Colonel Von Willingen.—I do wonder why Baron Angern has not been here to invite Emma to the sleigh-ride this evening. I hear that nearly all the young people belonging to fashionable society will be out.

(Enter Servant C. D.)

Servant.—Count Felix von Waldeck. *(Enter Felix C. D. Exit Servant C. D.)*

Felix.—*(Bowing.)* Colonel, I am much delighted to find you alone, for I have come to ask your kind permission to accompany Mlle. Emma to a sleigh-ride.

Col. von W.—Please be seated, sir. *(After remaining silent for some time.)* I am afraid, sir, that it will not be possible to grant your request.

Felix.—*(Somewhat agitated.)* Why not, sir?

Col. von W.—*(In a cold indifferent manner.)* It is more suitable that Emma should ride with her cousin, Baron Angern.

Felix.—*(In a stiff manner.)* Baron Angern so far as I know, will not be of the party.

Col von W.—Indeed, well then, at any rate, it is better

that Emma should not join it without asking him, for she is *engaged* to the Baron.

Felix.—(*Rising much agitated, with a low bow.*) Very well, then I have for the present nothing more to say (*contemptuously*) until I have asked Baron Angern if he lays exclusive claim to Emma's company.

Col. von W—Then I will send the Baron to you, he is in another room.

(*Exit Col Von W. C. D. Felix rings bell on table L.*)

Felix.—(*Enter servant.*) Is Miss von Willigen within?

Servant.—Yes sir (*In a tone with a shade of contempt*); but her Spanish master is with her, and she must not be interrupted.

Felix.—I am tired of forever playing so humble a part. I will no longer share her, with arrogant cousins and Spanish fortune hunters. (*Enter Baron Angern C. D. The Baron receives Felix with civility. They shake hands.*) Baron, I am exceedingly happy to meet you at this particular time, for with your kind permission, I would like to have a little private conversation with you.

Baron A.—(*Aside.*) I know what is the matter with the Count. (*Turning to Felix.*) Well, Count, it will afford me infinite pleasure to gratify your wishes. Allow me to help you to a cigar. (*Taking one himself. They light their cigars and sit.*) (*Servant speaks during business.*)

Servant.—(*Aside.*) I wonder what is the matter with that chap they call Count—he looks to me as if he was either in love or had been drinking very strong tea. I think the former, however, for it is just *the way I acted and spoke when I was in love.*

(*Exit Servant C. D. L.*)

Baron A.—Now count, you shall have my undivided attention.

Felix.—Baron, I shall use but few words by way of introduction. I am in love with Mlle. von Willingen, and wish to marry her. I heard she was engaged to Baron Angern—did not believe the report, but had it confirmed just a few moments ago, from the lips of Emma's grandfather; and now, I have come to ask you frankly how far you have agreed to this arrangement—sincerely hoping that you will not regard the question as impertinent on my part.

Baron A.—(*Composedly.*) Count, permit me first to ask *you* a question. Did Miss Emma know that you intended to call on me?

Felix.—No, my dear Baron, she did not.

Baron.—And have you reason, Count, to hope that she would approve of this step if she were aware of it?

Felix.—Does your answer to *my* question depend on my reply to yours?

Baron A.—It does indeed.

Felix.—Well, I can say, Baron, without indiscretion, that I have reason to hope the young lady would not reject me if she were free.

Baron A.—In that case, then Count, she *is* free. Let Emma decide whether I am to give up my claims or not. I could explain to you in detail, were it necessary, all the circumstances which bound me to Emma. While I have for the young lady the highest respect, I am free to say that without the intervention of her lover, I never could have made myself the victim of an imprudent contract which has hitherto been concealed. (*Both rise, Felix shaking the baron by the hand.*)

Felix.—I thank you, Baron, a thousand times for your frankness and sincerity, I hope that Emma's grand parents will be satisfied with any new agreement that may be made, and whatever may be the terms, it may conform with the inclination and desires of all parties in interest. Whatever I can contribute it shall be done, for it is not the heiress that I love, but Emma.

Baron A.—My dear Count, let the affairs of the inheritance rest for the present. Go and ask Emma's hand in marriage of her grand parents, for I do assure you I will take no ignoble advantage of her change of mind.

Felix—I will at once write a letter of proposal to Col. Willigen, and in order to prevent a refusal, I will mention my interview with you (*Rises and goes C.*), and for the present, adieu. (*Exit Felix C. D.*)

Baron A.—I hope this thing will end to the entire satisfaction of all. My engagement with Emma was a pure matter of business, arranged with her grand parents for theirs and her benefit—to prevent lawsuits—to settle family difficulties concerning the ownership of property. When this arrangement was made Emma was but a child of eleven years. She had no heart in the betrothal and I must say I had quite as little. It was a mere matter of expedience. Emma has grown to be a beautiful and accomplished young lady, but, I must say, I am not matrimonial inclined at the present time. The Count loves her, and I suppose she loves him. I sincerely hope that her grand parents will not be so stupid as to throw anything in the way to prevent their marriage. However, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and Emma may yet be thrown back on my hands. But I will not commence to climb the mountain until I get to its base. (*Exit C. D. E. Enter Emma R. I. E.*)

Emma.—I have heard of the intended sleigh-ride, and have been hourly expecting Felix to come and invite me to

take part in it. Hour after hour has passed away, but no Felix has appeared. My vexation is increasing rapidly but I shall not show it before grand papa. He is a shrewd old gentleman, and may have some idea how matters stand. But I am becoming more and more exasperated against Felix. It is now tea time, and no Felix yet. (*Goes and sits at table L. Enter servant C. D. with letter.*)

Servant.—From Count van Waldeck. (*Exit servant C. D. R.*)

Emma.—What does this mean? Can he, in spite of my request—(*rising from the table*) (*aside*) My vexation is increasing every moment. (*Enter Colonel C. D. L.*)

Emma.—Grand papa, here is a letter for you. (*rises*). (*Colonel comes down slowly, pulls spectacles out of his pocket, opening the letter, reads it in silence, jingling of sleigh-bells heard on the street, Emma goes to window, Col. crosses to table L. and sits, lays letter on the table, in a cool manner begins to read newspaper.*)

Emma.—(*Greatly agitated.*) (*Aside.*) Oh, dear, oh, the sleigh-ride has commenced, and I am not one of the party. My indignation toward Felix has reached the highest point. I am resolved to revenge myself. (*Coming down R. E. and endeavoring to assume a pleasant tone.*) Grand papa, what is in that letter?

Col.—(*Still reading paper.*) (*Pause, then he looks up.*) Tell me, Emma, on what terms are you with Baron Angern now?

Emma.—On what terms am I with my cousin? Dear grand pa, why, as usual—we are good friends.

Col.—I mean, Emma, has he never hinted to you since he came back, that he wants to marry you?

Emma.—(*Pertly.*) Has he hinted the contrary to you, grand pa?

Col.—Not exactly, but it is not much better, *he has said nothing about it*. What—if some one else wanted you, do you think you would let Angern go?

Emma.—I shall conform to your wishes in everything, Grand pa. (*Covering her face with her handkerchief.*)

Col.—Fudge, that is what all the girls say, and in the end you will be sure to have your own way. What do you think of Waldeck, eh?

Emma.—(*Aside.*) He'll certainly not gain his point quite so easily. (*Aloud.*) But the law-suit, grand papa?

Col.—Yes, these law-suits are confounded affairs; they use up quanties of money and are terribly vexatious. The lawyers said, Emma, that the compromise made when you were betrothed to Angern was the wisest step we could have taken for your interest.

Emma.—And so now, grand papa, you want me to give up an inheritance which is half the fortune of your poor Emma.

Col.—Who says so? Can't we propose a division of the property? I tell you what, Em, your are pretty avaricious for a girl of your age.

Emma.—(*Poutingly.*) How you wrong me. Oh, grand pa, how you mistake me. And I must hear this from you, just about two men, for neither of whom I care a straw.

Col.—Well, well, they are both not to be dispised, Emma, but you know I will let you have your way—don't take either of them. You've got money enough to get along with alone. An old maid don't want much to live on.

Emma.—(*With indignation.*) Old maid! What good

would it do if I were to say I preferred Waldeck, you would only call me avaricious.

Col.—He would not be a bad choice.

Emma.—But Baron Angern will he agree to all this so readily?

Col.—If he cared anything for you would he not have spoken of it long ago?

Emma.—[*Aside.*] I wonder if he believes that Angern has *rejected* me; that is insupportable. [*With irritation.*] [*Aloud.*] How do you know but what Angern is only silent because he thinks my heart belong to another

Col.—Ah, ha, that is it? Yes, yes, things look as if Waldeck was sure of success. He is not the fellow to court a girl that is known to be engaged, unless she gives him notice that she would like to shift the scene.

Emma.—[*Angerly.*] There you and he are very likely to find yourselves mistaken. You can just tell him that *I don't like him*—or—[*hesitatingly*], no, that is not it, say that I ask some time to consider it.

[*Enter Baron Angern C. D. L.*]

Col. von W.—Ah, Baron, my grand-daughter and I were speaking of you, but now I will leave you, a man can plead his own cause much better than another can for him.

(*Exit Col. Von C. D.*)

Angern.—Emma, allow me to improve these rare moments of our being alone, in coming to an understanding with you. You know, probably my dear cousin, what we old people agreed upon with regard to you when you were a child of not yet fourteen.

Emma.—And what if I do know of it?

Angern.—(*In a perfectly calm and indifferent manner.*) Then you would know that we were very foolish. The affair can now be arranged differently. It is very plain that I am too old for you. I ought to have staid here to gain your affections, for it was very imprudent for us to hope that you would fix them upon an absent person. I can, therefore, heartily approve of your having favored the advances of a worthy young man, whom nature seems to have made for you.

Emma.—Who told you that I have favored the advances of another?

Angern.—Emma—Count Waldeck would not have asked the hand of an affianced bride in marriage, and much less expressed his wishes to her intended himself, unless he had some hope of being accepted.

Emma.—(*With perfect composure.*) Your frankness, my dear cousin, makes it my duty also to be perfectly plain with you. It seems to me indeed, as if I were not exactly suited to you, and if you know some other way of settling the old contract I would prefer it.

Angern.—(*Apparently much relieved.*) Leave it all to me, Emma, and allow me to offer you my congratulations for your marriage with our friend Waldeck. (*Exit C. D.*)

Emma.—[*soliquising*] Waldeck is handsome, has the most money—the latter is a very important element in matrimonial considerations, and should not be overlooked before pledges are gives, or contracts made. Why should a woman marry a man who has not plenty of money? Love has its atttactions and is very captivating to many, but, I must say, to me, money is much more so, and I guess all women are about alike. I don't like Angern very well, and never did. So I will instruct grand papa to accept Waldeck for me. (*Exit C. D.*)

(*Enter Heloise L. L. E. Enter Isabella from opposite side R. I. E., with Baroness von Rosen.*)

Isabella.—(*Going to Heloise and kisses her.*) My dear young friend, the Baroness and I have called upon you in relation to a matter in which she is deeply interested.

Heloise.—Be seated, ladies.

Isabella.—But first of all, my dear Heloise, you look so pale and feeble.

Heloise.—It is nothing I assure you but a slight cold. (*Assuming a lively appearance*). From the effects of which I am rapidly recovering, besides which, Felix, my brother, has just been here, and is about to start for a short visit to our old home, on business which he has to settle before his marriage. My thoughts have gone before him, and the resemblance of the scenes of our childhood, and the very happy hours we spent there with his mother, has produced a slight agitation. Making me a little nervous, but nothing more.

Isabella.—I heard that he and Emma are to be married soon.

Heloise.—Yes, I suppose so, but I think I will not wait for the ceremony. I prefer returning home and living a quiet life in the country. Were it not for you and some other dear friends, the city would be a lonely place.

Isabella.—I do not wonder, Heloise, that you take but little interest in the marriage of Felix, for I have every reason to believe it will not be a happy one. Even now, Felix has but little time to observe others. Emma is so whimsical and full of alternate caprice—one day lavishing upon him a profusion of love and tenderness—the next passing several hours in a pouting fit for offenses of which he is entirely unconscious, thus keeping him in continual fever. If he happens to mention your name, or she hears of him giving you the smallest attention, he is sure to have to listen to such reproaches as

“you do not love me.” “I sacrificed everything for you, but you love your relatives better than you love me,” and so forth, and what will it be, Heloise, after they are married?

Heloise.—My dear friend, I cannot tell, but from the bottom of my heart I pity Felix.

Isabella.—But, Heloise, we must to business. We have just left the palace of President von Groenan, the Baroness' father. I found the Baroness laying on a sofa bathed in tears with her head on her mother's lap. A letter has been received from Baron Rosen, who is still in St. Petersburg, insisting upon the Baroness joining him, with the children immediately. He has been appointed governor of one of the eastern provinces, and is obliged to leave towards the middle of May. He entreated her to take advantage of the sleighing in the Baltic provinces for her journey, so that she can arrive in St. Petersburg. Her parents, with whom she has resided so long, have decided that she ought to go.

Heloise.—(*To the Baroness, who is weeping.*) In spite of the interest I have felt in the narrative, I can hardly suppress a smile, for I really thought at first the letter contained the sad news that Baron von Rosen was dying and had sent for his wife to bid him a last farewell. (*Caressing the Baroness.*) Do not feel so badly, even domestic affections can be carried to excess. You no doubt dearly love you parents, whom you have never left, but you know, Baroness, your children are going to their father, and after all, a father's arms are the safest resting place. How I wish I could go to my father in Russia—Oh—I mean my uncle, who takes the place of father to me.

Baroness.—(*Throwing her arms around Heloise suddenly.*) That is just what we wish you to do. Come and go with me and see your uncle in Russia.

Heloise.—(*Startled.*) (*Aside.*) Go to my father in Russia. Not pass Felix's marriage day her! Not see him at the altar? (*To the Baroness.*) But I do not know where uncle is. How can I find him? Perhaps he is on the Turkish frontier.

Baroness.—My dear Heloise, the Baron, my Husband, will settle that. You may find your uncle in St. Petersburg. At any rate you can hear from him there. Rosen will let your uncle know you are in the country. Perhaps he might be stationed in Rosen's country.

Isabella.—Heloise, do go. How can this poor young thing, who has never been away from her mother, travel alone. The journey will do you good, and you will see the long-absent—uncle.

Heloise.—Well, then I'll go. (*To the Baroness.*) To do you a service and to see my uncle I will go, for I need in this world a support.

Isabella and Baroness.—Thanks, dear Heloise, ten thousand thanks. (*They both kiss her.*)

Baroness.—The horses shall be at this door to-morrow morning at five o'clock. Can you be ready?

Heloise.—Yes, I will be ready. (*Exit Baroness and Isabella L. I. E.*) How can I inform Madame von Pollwitz of my hasty decision. She may think this a wild scheme, but Isabella will explain all to her. And he—I will not, I can not see him again. I will write frankly and tell him all. But away from here I must go. Poor Lisette, I must tell her of my intention. Poor girl she has been my friend from childhood. I will write to Felix. (*Crosses to table L., sits and writes.*) There, among a thousand tears, I mail this, my last letter. (*Rises goes to C.*) Now, my beloved Felix, farewell—

perhaps forever - forever. (*Exit D. L. F.*)

(*Enter Felix C. D. L. with Emma, comes down stage, Emma sits on Ottoman.*)

Felix.—My dear Emma, I have now arrived at the point towards which I have struggled for the last eight months with the most indefatigable zeal. Charming Emma, before God and man you are now my affianced bride, and it is my earnest wish and desire that you drop all superfluous acquaintances, and cease those silly flirtations in which ladies of the highest respectability often indulge before their engagements. We have been formally betrothed in the presence of your grand parents and have pledged ourselves to life-long fidelity.

Emma.—(*In a cool manner.*) Felix, that is all very pretty in theory, but I cannot help experiencing some very bitter feelings towards you. Contrary to your promise, you undertook such an important step as to ask Baron Angern to release me from an old engagement without first consulting me on the subject. This is freedom in my affairs which I did not expect you to make, and I wish you to distinctly understand that I am not to be placed in such a humiliating position again.

Felix.—(*Approaching Emma and trying to kiss her.*) Will my dear and charming Emma let the past be forgotten? Heretfter I shall live only for you, and it shall be my pleasure and heart's delight to seek your happiness.

Emma.—(*Resisting Felix's attempt to embrace and kiss her.*) Enough for the present. Felix, we must see, before such extravagant familiarity, how far these profuse promises made on your part will be fulfilled. I have some letters to write and must ask you to excuse me for the present, adieu. (*Exit Emma R. L. E.*)

Felix.—I always knew that Emma was full of caprices, but I have received much cooler treatment in this interview than, as an accepted suitor, I had reason to expect. I am not happy, but time may bring all things right. (*Enter servant C. D. with letter.*)

Servant.—Letter for Count von Waldeck.

(*Felix receives letter. Exit servant C. D.*)

Felix.—What is this? Letter from Heloise! (*Music P. P. until Curtain.*) (*Opens letter and reads, extremely agitated.*)

My Dear Felix:—

I know you will be alarmed and astonished when you hear that I am gone, and the thought of leaving you makes me sorry. I go to Russia in search of—MY FATHER.

Yes, Felix, I will now tell you

THE ENREVEALED SECRET.

I am not your sister—Count Stedan is my father and the Princess Antonia was my mother. You will find enclosed the evidence in the hand-writing of your mother—written just before her death. Her last communication was to you. It was her wish that it should be handed to you immediately after her death. Forgive me for withholding it so long. You will readily understand the reason.

You have found a heart to love you. My father, too, must need me. God bless you, Felix. Think sometimes of the years of our childhood and do not forget

Your loving friend,

HELOISE.

And the last letter of my dying mother—(*reads letter.*)

WALDECK, January 9.

My Dear Felix:—

Your dying mother sends you her last message. Heloise is not your sister. She will tell you all. It is my dying wish that she become your wife. This is all I can say.

Your loving mother,

AMELIA.

Oh, Heloise! Heloise! Why did you suppress this letter so long—this, the last wish of my dear departed mother? And you gone, left me without a parting word or a kiss. You, since I know all, the dearest being to me on earth. Is my life but an illusion—a dream? Is it a failure? Just as I was about to lift the cup of happiness to my lips it has been dashed to the ground. Oh, Heloise, Heloise! How awful that I was not put in possession of this secret immediately after the death of my mother. What happiness I have missed. Heloise, your pure soul meant nothing wrong, but your extreme modesty has brought me to this fearful condition. This will be a thorn in my heart for the remainder of my days. Heloise, “not my sister!”—but loved me so much. (*Hesitatingly*) But—but is this being true to Emma—Emma, to whom I have just pledged eternal devotion and fidelity? Oh, dreadful, dreadful. (*Throwing himself on a sofa and burying his face in his hands. Rising.*) My trouble is greater than I can bear. Heloise, no tongue can tell what I suffer for you. Thinking and believing you to be my sister, I loved you, far beyond the common affection of a brother. What a mistake that this paper containing the last wish of my dead mother had not been placed in my hands immediately after her decease. If it had, the world would have been to me all happiness, not a cloud of sorrow to darken my pathway. Oh Heloise, why did you not speak, that I might have obeyed this last request which came from the dying lips of one I loved so much—like every advice she gave—showed me the way to true happiness and prosperity. Now I can see noth-

ing but long years of terrible suffering laying before me, for my honor, my integrity, whatever may be the result, binds me solomently to Emma, whose earnestness I tremblingly doubt. Is there no relief? Is there no way to escape these horrible surroundings? (*Falls on sofa and sighs.*)

(*Enter Isabella R. I. E.*)

Isabella.—(*Hastily and greatly agitated.*) Felix! Felix! I have news, all-important news for you—welcome, or unwelcome, I must tell you. Emma has eloped with her music teacher. (*Exit R.I. E.*)

Felix.—(*Rising.*) ELOPED! Thank God, I am free, Now, Heloise, I will live only for you. In you I have lost sister, but gained a bride. I *detest* the miserable creature who has but deceived me from the first, while I was honest in my intentions. I see now that I was only the victim of fascination. But, Heloise, for you my love comes not from romantic blindness, unoccupied imagination, nor inordinate desire. I know you perfectly, and I love you because I *do* know you, and I am certain that my love is returned with the whole force of a pure, innocent heart,

I will hasten at once for St. Petersburg, and not one foot of Russian territory shall remain untrodden by me. Yes, I will search to the uttermost end of the earth till I find you, at your feet will I kneel and pledge eternal, everlasting fidelity. (*Goes to C. D. Picture.*)

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HELOISE,

OR,

THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

—IN—

FIVE ACTS.

ACT IV.

PHILADELPHIA.

1882.

HELOISE

HELOISE;

OR,

THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

CHARACTERS IN ACT IV:

NAMES:

HELOISE.—

BARONESS.—

PRINCE.—

COUNT STEDAN.—

BARON ROSEN.—

COUNT DABANOFF.—

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—St. Petersburg. Drawing-room in Palace of Count Roson.
Plain Chamber in first groove. Enter Baron R. I E., followed by
Heloise and Baroness.

Baron.—Well, ladies, you have had a long, tedious journey. (*To his wife.*) My dear Baroness, the joy and happiness which the arrival of yourself and my children has brought me is beyond description, and the gratitude which I feel to this noble young lady who has accompanied you, I cannot find words to express. When I received your letter informing me that a young lady was of your party I had no conception that she was the neice of Count Stedan on her way to meet her uncle. (*To Heloise.*) You have romantic ideas, my dear young lady. Count Stedan is stationed near the Caucasus.

Heloise.—Is that inaccessible to me?

Baron.—I doubt whether it is just the place for delicate

young ladies. You would find but poor accommodations in his camp.

Heloise.—I am satisfied with but little.

Baron.—Even with a soldiers' tent?

Heloise.—Why not, if my uncle takes up with that of a soldier?

Baron.—(*Smiling.*) Perhaps you will put on pages' attire and enlist, my fair young lady. Such enthusiasm seems singular in a *neice*. Is there not a *lover* in the case?

Heloise.—My dear Baron, I do assure you *no*. Cannot I induce you to make inquiries about an opportunity for me to go to the Caucasus?

Baron.—It is really against my conscience, my dear little lady, to assist you in what I must call a piece of folly.

Heloise.—Then take me to the Ambassador of my sovereign and I will apply to him for the desired information.

Baron.—This I will do with the hope that he will persuade you to abandon such a dangerous expedition.

(*Exit Baron L. E. E.*)

Heloise.—(*To the Baroness.*) Must I meet with nothing but disappointment. I have come so far with the hope that I would be able to meet the best and only friend I have on earth.

Baroness.—My dear Heloise, have patience, I know the Baron will leave nothing undone to gratify your wishes, notwithstanding his reluctance to such a perilous journey. The

Baron will return in a moment, for the Embassy is but a few doors from here.

(*Return Baron L. I. E.*)

Baron.—(*To Heloise.*) Would you like to hear something new from your country? The Ambassador informs me dispatches have just been received announcing that your old reigning Prince is dead. This may make some difference in your future. But he will send a messenger to you with full instructions.

Heloise.—(*Aside.*) The Ambassador has always been a confidant of the Prince Royal, and is, no doubt, familiar with the history of my mother and myself. How can I mourn or have any love for a grand father who disowned my mother? I recognize with gratitude the happy turn my destiny appears to have taken. Perhaps what would be looked upon as extravagance in a *niece* might in a *daughter* be regarded as an act of filial affection. (*Enter Count Debanoff, Heloise rises to receive him. Baron and Baroness extend courtesies, and Baron introduces Heloise. Debanoff receives Heloise cordially.*)

Count D.—My dear young Countess, I am exceedingly happy to meet you. Your Ambassador has given me a brief history of the journey which the Baroness and yourself have made, and of your intention to go in search of your relative, Count Stedan. I am afraid that a journey like this is beyond your capability. You had better first write him and inform him of your arrival here. The mail to that part of the country goes only twice a week, and it will take four weeks for you to get an answer. The Baron and Baroness must leave here in a short time, and as I have no family I will procure you accommodations in the house of a friend. The mail does not leave for three days, and you can meanwhile think the matter over. If the Baron and Baroness are obliged to leave before

you have decided, rely on me for all possible attention. But if you insist on starting at once for the frontier, I have full instructions from the Ambassador to escort the Baroness and yourself to Count Stedon's headquarters.

Heloise.—I will not wait for a letter to reach him, but would rather start at once. Baroness, shall we make preparations to go?

Baroness.—If you wish it, Heloise.

Heloise.—Count, please lead the way.

(Count Exits L. I. E., followed by Heloise, Baroness and others.)

Twelve days are supposed to have elapsed between Scene I. and Scene II.

SCENE II.—Headquarters of Count Stedan, Barracks connected with the Hospital near the foot of the Carcassian Mountains. Interior of the Barracks. SCENE—Hut in third grooves, camp table, L. stool on each side, fire-place R. with fire-place, etc., near, old chair in front of swords, guns, hanging up. Writing material on table. Bugle call, roll of drum. Enter Count D. followed by Heloise and the Baroness D. R. E.

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Count D.—There is your father's headquarters. He is at the hospital. I will inform him of your arrival.

(Exit D. R. F.)

Heloise.—At length our journey is at an end, after traveling eleven long days and nights since we left St. Petersburg over the Steppes inhabited only by Cossicks. I sincerely hope I will soon meet my beloved father. I shall be very sorry if the courier by whom I sent the message informing him of my arrival has been delayed. I doubtless will be received with warm affection; still the nearer the decisive moment, the more I am tormented with the fear that my father will not approve of the step I have taken without awaiting his permission. But no, no, he will not be displeased. The sight of me will recall to his mind the blissful dream of love, as he called the brief period of happiness with my mother. The Ambassador at St. Petersburg told me the other day that I was the exact image of the Princess Antonia, my mother, and how refreshing it will be to my father, the dear old exile, who has pined so long among loveless strangers, to hear his native language from the lips of his only child. The representative of the pale suffering one, whose

heart was crushed by a separation from the object of her affection. I cannot rest in this place long. I can almost hear the groans of the wounded and suffering.

(Sits in chair R. of table L.)

Baroness.—*(Who has been looking out of window during Heloise's speech.)* Countess, the Count is returning. *(Coming-down L.)* I hope the messenger has found the General. *(Enter Count D., D. R. F.)*

Count D.—Mademoiselle, your father will be here presently. He is on his way now. I am proud to be the messenger between the great and mighty general and his daughter

Heloise.—I fear that my arrival has been the occasion of depriving others of the possession of their property.

Count Debanoff.—Where is the Russian who would not be happy to serve the daughter of the great general? Indeed, Countess, you must prepare yourself to be accused of too far more serious devastation than that.

Heloise.—Do you hope for my aid against the Circassians, Monsier?

Count Debanoff.—The fame of our arms would be forever past if those savages would be wounded by a pair of handsome eyes as easily as Russian hearts.

Heloise.—Enough, enough, Monsieur. I hope my father knows that I am ready to see him at any time.

Count D.—Your father comes, Mademoiselle. Come to the window. Do you see those horsemen approaching, and that tall, noble-looking man who rides in the front with a dark-bronze complexion, and such a princely deportment.

Heloise.—How elegantly he is dressed. The rich uniform of a Russian general. His breast gleaming with stars and honors of the highest rank. Is it possible that this noble-looking man is my father?

Count Stedan.—(*A voice outside.*) Adjutant, order sentinels to be placed around this building at once and allow no one to approach without permission from headquarters.

Heloise.—What a loud, commanding voice. The tones penetrate my innermost soul. I am almost paralyzed.

(*Flourish of music, door is opened by Count D.*)

Count D.—(*Bowing and giving military salute.*) Mademoiselle, here is your father. (*Enter Count Stedan.*)

Heloise.—Father! (*Running to him and embracing.*) (*Exit Count D., R. D. F.*)

Count Stedan.—Can it be that my daughter is with me? Heloise, the child of my love!

Heloise.—(*Agitated.*) My father. My dear father. (*The Count embraces her affectionately and leading her to a chair.*)

Count Stedan.—My child do not speak until you become more composed. I do not wish your words to be interrupted with tears.

Heloise.—Father, you are not displeased that I have sought you?

Count Stedan.—[*Smiling.*] Did you fear my displeasure?

Heloise.—Certainly not, when I left Germany, dear father, I only had one predominant feeling, the longing to throw myself on your breast, but when I entered upon this stage of war, where you reign like a prince, and where the voice of the heart is drowned by the clashing of swords, then a fear seized me, that my coming might not be agreeable to you. I have loved you for sixteen years, for that is about as long as I can remember, but to-day I have also learned to fear you.

Count Stedan.—(*Smiling.*) The latter you had better leave to the men. (*Putting his arm around her.*) No, no, child I am not displeased. I confess, however, that I would rather have received you somewhere else. This wild theatre of war, where our movements are so uncertain and rapid, is not a fit place for a young girl. I would wish to spare you every annoyance and inconvenience, which I cannot here. Only the soft west winds should fan you, you tender plant. The Sirocco which blows from yon Asiatic mountains ought not to touch the German child of a prince. It will give me some trouble to get fit accommodations for you, Heloise, as it is, you must expect nothing but military quarters and a short visit this time, for we may move any hour.

Heloise.—A small apartment is sufficient for me, dear father, I hoped you would find a place for me in your tents.

Count Stedan.—Bravo! I did not know what a fine soldier's child I had for a daughter. But, Heloise, while I think of it, my sister, the Countess of Waldeck, your foster mother, at one time communicated a plan to me which she said the Princess, your mother, approved, that was, she wished to have her son Felix marry you; what prevented its execution?

Heloise.—Felix's heart has chosen for itself, father.

Count Stedan.—Indeed, so he is married. Did my sister approve his choice?

Heloise.—She never heard of it. Felix was far away when his dear mother died

Count Stedan.—Well, was the girl rich? (*Taking her by the chin.*) This is not a face a young man could easily reject.

Heloise.—His affianced bride is a thousand times handsomer than I, and riches would not have influenced Felix's generous heart.

Count Stedan.—Well, well, I confess that I too would have favored this connection. I would like to have had you settled on your estate as the wife of a German nobleman, in dependent of the humor and favor of superiors, far from the bustle of a world that will never make you happy. It was your mother and foster mother's ideas, for such plans always have their cradles in the hearts of women; but it is just as well. Now that you are here you may eventually procure an establishment which will far surpass in splendor any that Felix could have offered you.

Heloise.—Oh father, do not think of such a thing. Let me stay with you. It was only for your sake I came here. Are we not both equally alone in the world?

Count Stedan.—(*Smiling.*) I have some doubt of you always thinking so, Heloise.

Heloise.—Be unconcerned father, I am neither weak nor feeble, but am able to bear every privation that circumstances require of me. Is not that, dear father, true female heroism? For fighting your battles you have probably men enough.

Count Stedan.—It is enough, dear child, that you are now hear, and my days in the future may have their bright moments too. We will endeavor to entwine some roses among the laurels. If you are not fatigued from the effects of your long journey, go into this room (*Opening side door.*) and dress yourself, then step out on the barracks porch and witness a grand review about to take place.

Heloise.—My good father. (*Exit Heloise D. L.*)

Count Stedan.—(*Goes and sits at Table L. Enter Count D., D. R. F.*) Debanoff, I have a plan in which I think we can gain many friends for Russia from among those Circassians, with whom we are fighting. Prince Mansur Arslan, our ally, as you are aware, is one of the most influential of all the Circassians; through him I think we can gain over to the Russian interests several of the princes' of Abazok and the Kabarda, who now reside in the western boundry; the river divides their territory from that of the Shapzuks. Their Prince can muster 6000 men, and with them has kept up a partial independence, enough at least to prevent us from erecting forts on his domain. He has an influence with all the Abazoks, and, in fact, I may say, it is felt throughout the entire Circassian country. I have, through the Prince, sent an invitation to these princess to assemble at his tent—the metting takes place in a few moments. My object is to induce these semi-independent princes to sign a treaty by which they will become first vassels of the Czar, and secondly, to draw from them by strategem and pursuasion the right to enlist troops in their domains to replemish our army. As this will be a grand, though barbaric display, you will proceed to the Countess Waldeck and inform her of the expected assemage, and that I wish her to ride in a coach and six that will be at the door in a few minutes, to a point at which I am to witness the reception. (*Exit Count D. Set D. L.*)

These Oriental warriors are fond of rich dresses and dis-

play. I intend if possible by marks of distinction, greater than they expect, to secure them as powerful allies, I will flatter their vanity. I do hope Heloise will not fail to appreciate the importance of her position on this occasion, short time as she has had to prepare, for a Countess of Germany and the daughter of the general in command will necessary attract attention. After the parade is over we will break camp. (*Flourish.*)

(*Exit C. S., D. R. F. Enter Baroness D. L.*)

Baroness.—His Highness—not here—gone. His daughter is frantic because he is not at the review. Oh, my, such sights, and the Prince Mansur, the Circassian, how handsome. I must go back. (*Goes to window.*) Oh, there is the General now on his horse riding up the main street. I can't stay her, or it will be over before I get there. (*Exit B., D. L.*) *After a pause martial music playing for some minutes. Enter Prince Mansur D. R. F.*)

Prince.—Well, the great parade and reception is over. These Circassian friends of ours from abroad, tall, slender men, with their loose, full garments, seated so gracefully on their splended coursers, appears as if they had spent their lives on horseback. They made a grand display, but to me the greatest point of attraction was the daughter of the General. She looked inexpressibly fine in her beautiful rich dress, hat and plume, from which floated a veil of fairy texture which gave to her form the appearance of perfect loveliness.

I will go to the great General and tell him that if I can possess, as a wife, his lovely daughter, my grand palace shall be her home, millions at her disposal, scores of servants shall do her bidding, and the proud Circassian Prince Monsur Arslan shall be her obedient servant. (*Exit Prince D. R. F. Heloise and Baroness set C. L.*)

Baroness.—My lady, did you notice when the great General, your father, touched his hat to you by way of salute, and the officers and Circassians followed his example, how Prince Monsur's eye fell upon you and remained fixed?

Heloise.—Yes, there was such an indescribable fire in his glance that I was so much embarrassed I involuntarily dropped my veil over my face. And yet there was nothing insolent in his gaze—it lasted but a moment.

Baroness.—Oh, Countess, they were flashes of lightning that came from his eye, he looked, my gracious countess, just as if he wanted to eat you up. These heathens have tender hearts, too, but look, my lady, if he was the Sultan himself I wouldn't consider him good enough for you.

Heloise.—(*Laughing.*) Baroness, you must not flatter me. If the Prince is so handsome why has he not ere this been married?

Baroness.—Oh, he is a Prince, and wants to marry a Christian Princess, not a Muscovite, or the daughter of a nobleman beneath his rank. (*Enter Count D., R. D. F., followed by the Prince.*)

Count Dabanoff.—My lady Countess, having obtained permission of General Count Stedan for the Prince to pay his respects to the daughter of our great General, I have the honor to present him. The Prince is a Christian and an ally of the Czar, and has materially aided your father in coming to a peaceful understanding with many of the Princes of the Circassian tribes.

Heloise.—I am happy to welcome you as a Christian Prince.

Prince.—Countess, as the son of the Czar, I am a Christian, but it is a religion of war and suffering.

Heloise.—I have been taught that it is the religion of peace and reconciliation, Prince.

Prince.—Do not Christian Princes war against each other, Countess?

Heloise.—Would to heaven that they would better obey the precepts of their religion.

Prince.—Do you not think, Countess, that St. George was a good Christian? And do not all pictures represent him as fighting and killing?

Heloise.—Fighting with monsters—killing dragon.

Prince.—Perhaps the painters meant the monsters of oppression, the dragons of extortion and official rapacity. (*Looking at her seriously.*) Ah, Countess, do your best to put a stop to this destructive war.

Heloise.—Good heavens! Prince, what could I do?

Prince.—Beauty is all powerful in the east as well as in the west.

Heloise.—I did not know that the Oriental knights practiced gallantry.

Prince.—From the lips of an Oriental, that is sentiment, which is practiced as gallantry in the west.

Heloise.—Beauty is not the best of us, Prince, it is but a transient uncertain treasure—it is our sex, our weakness which must be honored, and we only respect a man so far as he does this.

Prince.—Perhaps you know, fair Countess, that it was a woman, one from whom the race of my mother derives its

origin, that first introduced Christianity among these mountains, and what one woman laid the foundation for, would it be impossible for another to build and complete? One who is surely lovelier than Tamar could ever have been. And now, fair Countess, hoping that we become friends in the near future, I will withdraw. (*Bowing.*) Adieu..

Count Dabanoff.—Adieu, Countess.

Heloise.—Au revior!

(*Exit Prince and Count Debanoff D. R. F. Enter Count Stedan, set D. L. Martial music for some minutes.*)

Count Stedan.—Well, Heloise, how are you satisfied with your day's work? From what I hear you understand not only how to spin yarns but to weave nets to capture young lions; really the Order of St. Catharine cannot escape you, or the large Cross of St. George, for I believe you have captured one of the chief fortresses, which may lead to an incalculable benefit to the Czar. I hardly thought when you arrived here that you would so soon have been useful to us, but when you came gliding among us like a selph sprung from another world, or as if a white lily had come to life and suddenly been endowed with lips and eyes, it would have been impossible for any one to resist you. The young lion, as he is called, can be securely bound. His wealth and influence are almost without limit.

Heloise.—Father, I do not understand you.

Count Stedan.—No, can it have escaped your notice, that you have made a conquest of Prince Mansur?

Heloise.—I have noticed that his heart, which probably takes fire very easily, has been kindled, but what is that to us? The flame will die away as quickly as it rose.

Count Stedan.—Hardly. Particularly if we stir the fire awhile.

Heloise.—What good would that do you, father, even were it honorable?

Count Stedan.—Oh, so you don't like him, Heloise.

Heloise.—Like him? I think, father, he may be a noble man, and might be a great man, and I would wish that you could make those brave men your friends and the friends of your Emperor.

Count Stedan.—That is just what I would do. But you do not like this young lion?

Heloise.—What do you mean by liking him, father. If I should judge *rightly*, it is out of the question.

Count Stedan.—Why so, Heloise?

Heloise.—Why, father, you could not think of giving me to a barbarian. You cannot be in earnest. It does not follow that because a man is brave, that he is a fit companion for a woman of cultivation, the daughter of a German nobleman.

Count Stedan.—What difference does that make, Heloise? You are the daughter of a Princess and may have to take up with a nobleman, if you do not take up with a Circassian Prince. Royal suitors are not to be found every day.

Heloise.—No, father, no. You cannot mean to sacrifice your child thus?

Count Stedan.—You need not fear, my little jewel, fit to adorn a crown, this Prince loves you, and he hopes he can secure you for a wife, but, no matter, it will be good for him to be kept for a while in this bold belief.

Heloise.—Father, would that be honorable? Would it even be humane to let him fall a victim to such a delusion?

C. Stedan.—I would explain the true state of things to him in due time.

Heloise.—Rather, he would discover the cheat, the deception, in a short time, and then he would be your enemy. I shall tell the Prince that I never could love him, that no power on earth could induce me to give him my hand.

Count Stedan —(*Rising.*) It is growing late. I require nothing of you, no dissimulation, no advances. Be with him as cold, as distant as you wish, only do not uncalled for and with childish hands meddle with my web so as to tangle the ahreads. You are exalted in your ideas, and I love you the more for the purity, which so becomes a woman. (*Kisses her forehead.*) I will tell the Prince that if he wins your love, it is well, if not, I am content. (*Exit Count Stedan D. R. F. Flourish.*)

Heloise.—Why should my father attempt to make of me a politician or diplomatist? I came here for no purpose of this kind. I suppose the Czar is well supplied with such people, and I have no disposition to participate in any affairs of state. Should the Prince visit me, courtesy, of course, demands that he shall receive treatment corresponding with his rank, but for me to give him any encouragement that I will marry him, Never!

(*Enter Prince C. D.*)

Prince.—(*Going up to Heloise, kisses her hand and seating himself on a divan alongside of her.*) I see you are depressed and sad, Countess. I could hate myself for feeling so happy.

Heloise.—Perhaps Prince, I have better cause for sadness than you for joy.

Prince.—*If not*, it is not the same cause. It is your father, Countess, who has made me happy.

Heloise.—It is he who has made me sad. We can have but a few minutes, let us employ them in the strictest sincerity.

Prince.—What can be more sincere than my fervent burning love?

Heloise.—My time is short, I cannot be delicate and womanly as I wish to be. I cannot appreciate the gift of your noble heart. I do not love you. I can never be your wife!

Prince.—Each of your words is a dagger to my heart. I love you doubly for this sincerity.

Heloise.—But you cannot wish to marry a woman who does not love you.

Prince.—My love will conquer your hatred.

Heloise.—Do not deceive yourself. I do not hate you, but I can never give you my hand.

Prince.—I have your father's word.

Heloise.—My father may answer for what *he* does, but you are too generous to desire that he should force me.

Prince.—You are too good a daughter to be disobedient to a father.

Heloise.—Well, Prince, you drive me to the utmost. I must tell you. My heart belongs to another.

Prince.—Who is he? (*Excitedly.*) He lives no more

if my arm can reach him. (*With great earnestness.*) Countess, you shall never belong to another.

Heloise.—“Never belong to another!” What insolence. I will never belong to *you*, Prince. Do you think a free-born German Countess will ever submit to Oriental despotism? No ! Not even to please a father. Leave me—*Go.* (*Pointing to the door.*) (*Exit Prince C. D.*)

CURTAIN.

HELOISE,
OR,
THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

—IN—

FIVE ACTS.

ACT V.

PHILADELPHIA.

1882.

HELOISE;
OR,
THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

CHARACTERS IN ACT V:

NAMES :

HELOISE.—

BARONESS.—

FELIX.—

PRINCE.—

COUNT STEDAN.—

COUNT DABANOFF.—

CAPTAIN POTTWISKA.—

ACT V.

SCENE I.—In the first groove snow landscape. Enter Count Dabanoff R.
L. E. and Captain Pottwiska L. I. E., saluting.

Count Dabanoff.—Captain, is your company of Cosacks in good condition and ready for marching?

Captain P.—Count, my company is always ready for marching orders.

Count D.—I am about to confide to your care the dearest treasure on earth. No less than the Countess of Waldeck, the daughter of our General, Count Stedan. This camp is about to be removed. You are, with your company and such other force as you may consider necessary, to escort her with entire safety to Ghelenstick, the fortress on the Black Sea, where it is intended that she, with her attendants, shall remain in safety until another camp is fixed upon, when she will return to her father. The General has informed the Countess that you and your company are brave and faithful. You know the country is very dangerous and infested with Circassians, who are both cunning and active. The utmost vigilance will, therefore, be necessary to faithfully discharge your mission.

Captain P.—Fear nothing, Count, they are not likely to cut off both my arms at the same time, and as long as I can

hold a sword in my left hand, the robbers shall not take even a hand-box from her ladyship.

Count D.—I know I can depend upon your bravery, Captain, but you must be cautious also, for these bandits come upon us like a thief in the night. There will also go in the same direction a corps of Russians acting as an escort to a German nobleman, who yesterday visited our field of operations. This body, by the General's orders, are to keep within hailing distance of your command, so that if either be attacked aid can be given by the other.

Captain P.—Trust to me, Count. Only over my corpse shall a hair of her head be touched.

Count D.—(*Hands paper.*) Your command will start at once, so adieu, Captain, and may God give you strength to perform your duty and protect your charge.

(*Salute each other and exit Count Dabanoff L. I. E.*)

Captain P.—(*Opens paper.*) The course I am to pursue is along the Northern Cuban shore. The journey will be considerably shortened by this, as we will cross the Cuban river sooner than if we went by the usual route. Here we will cross the mountain by the side path, not far from the Russian fortress Aboun, in the valley of that name. On this road many a torrent has to be crossed, the rocky bed of many a swollen stream has to be passed over, where the carriage of the Countess can only be held up by the supporting pikes of the Cossacks. The way is by no means free from danger, for it is inhabited by the Shapguks, the most treacherous of all the Circassian tribes. Travellers can see from the road their villages bordered with gardens. I suppose the reason why we are ordered to take this route is to enable the Countess to reach the fortress before the camp will break up. My company is well drilled, and danger is by no means a new thing to us.

(*Exit R. I. E.*)

SCENE II.—*Snow wood scene full stage. Battle, drums rolling. Guns Firing at intervals. Enter Heloise and party of Cossacks R. U. E. Volley fired outside R. U. E. Exit Heloise L. U. E. and Cossacks. Enter Circassian, fight with Prince dressed as Circassian at their head, Prince fighting with commander of Cossacks and kills him. Exit Prince. Victory of Circassians. Retreat of Cossacks. Circassians pursuing Prince. Prince enters L. U. E. with Heloise, pursued by Russians headed by Felix, who fights with Prince and shoots him, rescues Heloise, takes centre. Tableau. Firing all through the scene. Drums, etc. Count D. holds flag over Heloise and Felix. Red fire.*



Felix.—Heloise, my own Heloise.

Heloise.—Felix, Felix, is it you? (*Throws her arms around his neck.*)

CURTAIN.



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